**First Moon**

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# First Moon

by ZuviosGemini

Summary

Hannibal has keep his secret from Will for as long as he's known him, but little did he know, Will was harboring a secret as well, a secret that was unknown to both Hannibal and himself. [made into a chapter story by request] [tags to be updated as needed]

Notes

MADE INTO A CHAPTER STORY BY REQUEST!!

From an ask my friend sent me on tumblr AGES ago. This is only just now being posted because I started my rewatch of Hannibal last night! I've edited it and added things, since I wrote this nearly 4 years ago, so if you view it on tumblr, it looks different. This is the better version in my opinion.

[ rifa asked you: Hannigram, Vampires/Werewolves, do this thing I don’t even ship it I just want to see someone else tackle this 83 ]

# Chapter 1

Something was making Will agitated and surly, and for once, Hannibal had no prior warning before he was made aware of the attitude change.

Will had abruptly lashed out at him one evening, and Hannibal had been thrown so far off guard that he hadn't had time to reply before Will pushed past him and stormed out of the house. The physical contact, a rarity in their relationship, no matter how brief, had only added to his confusion. The vampire had stood in the living room for a moment, staring after the object of his current affection, before he noticed the dogs swarming around his ankles. Most of them had their ears pressed against their skulls, and some of them were whining insistently.

Will's increasingly irritated demeanor had caused a theory to begin forming in Hannibal's mind for some time during the past month, but he hadn't been able to find any solid evidence, nothing that would hold any weight in the long run; just small things, little hints, teases.

Adding the dog's behavior to Will's behavior however gave him his proof.

He followed Will out the front door and into the snowy field, where Will was standing with his arms across his chest, watching the rapidly setting sun. There was a slight tremor in his shoulders when Hannibal finally came up behind him, ignoring the dull burn the sun was putting on his face.

"Will?"

The smaller man jumped, casting a glance at Hannibal before rubbing both hands over his sweaty face.

"God, I... I'm sorry about my outburst," Will said, a tired edge to his voice. "I don't know what came over me."

Hannibal put his hand on Will's shoulder, relieved when Will didn't shrug him off, and turned him so he could look at him. As usual, Will avoided his eyes for the most part. Good. In the right light, Will would be able to see Hannibal's maroon irises, which would give away his true nature. Will was no fool. He knew about vampires and the other creatures of the dark. He had been meaning to tell Will about his vampiric nature, really he had, but it was just too risky. He didn't want to lose him, not now, not after Will already trusted him so much. Finding out that the man he was currently romantically involved with was one of the monsters he hunted on a regular basis would destroy him.

"I've noticed you haven't been feeling well lately, Will. What's going on?" Hannibal asked gently. He turned so his back was to the fiery sky, letting his clothes take the brunt of the scalding light. He took Will's face between his hands, looking at his eyes and feeling his hot skin beneath his hands. Will's skin always felt hot under Hannibal's cold palms, but tonight, he was running even hotter than usual.

The younger man sighed, closing his eyes and reveling in the cool feeling.

“Tired…” Will finally said. “Irritable… for a few weeks now I've felt like something's crawling around under my skin.”

Hannibal smoothed Will's wet hair away from his forehead, a comforting gesture that usually got Will to speak more.

“What do you mean by that?” Hannibal pressed, keeping his voice low. Will abruptly pushed his hands away only to replace them with his own, raking his fingers through his hair as his distress visibly grew.

“I mean I feel like I want to tear my own skin off!” He yelled, gripping his shirt in both hands and pulling at it. “It's itching and burning and… it's driving me insane! I feel like I'm burning!”

Hannibal took a step back from the increasingly trembling man, who was making distressed noises and scratching his nails over his arms and his face and basically any piece of skin he could reach. His suspicions were confirmed when Will fell to the ground, actually pulling pieces of skin off of his body, tearing his clothes and throwing them around him in tattered strips.

Under the light of the now visible full moon, Hannibal watched his lover go from a small man to a large beast, twitching and snarling on the snowy field. If his heart still beat, it would have been pounding in his ears. He jumped back another step when Will rolled over towards him, the snarling dying down into pained whining. Hannibal watched him squirm for a moment longer, fascinated, before slowly approaching him, freezing when Will snarled at him.

“Shhh, hush, Will,” he soothed. “It's alright. It's just me. It's alright, Will.” He crouched in front of the young werewolf, staring at him. How had Will not known he was a werewolf? Now was not the time for questions, as much as he wanted to ask them.

He reached out a hand, stopping when Will snarled again, before extending all the way and smoothing his hand over the werewolf's damp muzzle. Will's bright blue eyes slid closed and he whined again, prompting Hannibal to sit down on the ground (ignoring the wet snow soaking into his clothes) and pull Will's head into his lap carefully, stroking his coarse brown fur.

Will's frantic breathing was slowing and he was making sounds of pleasure under Hannibal's soft caresses. Hannibal smiled and pressed a gentle kiss to the spot between the werewolf's pointed ears, continuing to pet him until he was calm enough to open his eyes.

“That's right, Will. I'm here,” he said softly, staring down at him, his interest in the younger man now amplified tenfold.

His plans to eventually turn Will into a vampire were officially down the drain, but this turn of events could still work out in his favor. A werewolf who loved him was certainly more

useful than a human or another vampire. The only downside was eventually, Will would realize that Hannibal smelled different, and then he would learn why.

Hannibal smiled as Will scooted closer, sitting up and nuzzling at his face with his big muzzle. The sudden physical contact was startling, much like when Will had pushed him out of the way, but not unwelcome.

He would deal with the fallout of this situation later. The universe had rolled the dice in his favor once again. Will was a monster now, same as him. If he played his cards right, and he almost always did, Will would see him as a resource to be utilized, and not an enemy to kill.

“I'll always be here, Will,” he said, smoothing a hand over Will’s snout again, his smile growing as Will made more pleased noises at him. This monster loved him too much to turn on him now.

How tragic.

# Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Ask and ye shall receive. Here's chapter/part 2, with more to come I'm sure. I've got just 1 episode left in my season 1 rewatch, and then on to season 2. I've only seen the first 5 episodes of s2, so anything after that will be new material to me.
>
> Enjoy and thanks for reading!

It would be several months, and several transformations later, before Will realized just what sort of man he was in bed with, and by the time he realized, he couldn't bear the thought of leaving.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Will asked, his voice tight as he stared at his partner, his biggest source of support when he was at his lowest point. Hannibal at least had the good grace to look away from him, the sun from the window catching the silver undertones of his slicked back hair. The new information about Hannibal's vampiric nature made Will want to close the curtains more, keep the sun off of his lover as much as possible, but found himself unable to move to do so. Besides, if the sun was actually hurting Hannibal, he would move away from it.

"I wanted to tell you," Hannibal finally spoke, "but I was unsure how you would take it, given what you do for work."

"So, what, you thought I would come after you? Treat you like I treat all the psychopathic killers I hunt every day?" Will tried to look less affronted than he sounded, but Hannibal wasn't fooled. He knew Will was hurt by Hannibal's keeping secrets from him, and he also knew the list of questions Will had for him was growing by the second.

"I didn't assume our relationship would protect me, no," Hannibal answered honestly. Will swallowed hard, still not meeting Hannibal's eyes.

"Why not?"

"You are worried I doubt your feelings for me." Hannibal avoided the question smoothly, sitting down on the couch and crossing his legs at the knee. "I do not." He waited a moment and let the silence drag before speaking again.

"I respect what you do, Will. Your work saves lives. I didn't want to tarnish the trust we had built by telling you that sometimes, the lives you aren't able to save are lost because of me."

That was a little more than he had originally planned to let on, but sometimes the words just came out when he was talking to Will, especially when he was telling a truthful lie. His

intimate connection with Will made him want to tell the whole truth, but the bruising, possessive grip he had on him forced Hannibal to twist it a bit.

“What do you mean, because of you?” Will said quietly, swaying on his feet like he wanted to move but couldn’t quite make it happen.

Hannibal sighed deep through his nose. It was an unnecessary action since he hadn’t needed to breathe in ages, but it still happened out of habit sometimes. After all, when put in a room full of humans, especially humans of the level of intelligence Will and Hannibal knew, one of them was bound to notice if Hannibal wasn’t breathing regularly and get suspicious. It was a situation he had wanted to avoid for as long as possible, in case they shared their suspicions with Will. Now that Will knew his secret, his main concern was whether or not he’d have to kill one of the few humans he actually liked.

Okay. ‘Liked’ was a strong word. Tolerated was probably more accurate. He only ‘liked’ one person, ‘liked’ wasn’t a strong enough word in this situation, and that person was standing in front of him in what almost looked like physical pain.

“Do I really need to explain in detail what I mean?” Hannibal said, watching as Will’s face twisted into an even worse grimace before he shook his head. “I didn’t think so. I need to feed to survive, Will, and sometimes when I go too long without feeding, well… things get out of hand before I can stop them.”

Will closed his eyes, shutting out the view of his lover sitting on the couch, trying not to imagine him with his lips against some poor human’s throat, and failing. Vampires lured their victims in with promises and seduction. Hannibal had manipulated people using those things several times right in front of Will, and Will had been none the wiser.

A little quirk of the lips at the pretty waitress paired with soft eyes and they were given dessert on the house. A carefully placed compliment about a young man’s outfit and some prolonged eye contact persuaded him to give them his seats at the theater. Hell, sometimes Will found himself doing what Hannibal wanted without knowing why he was doing it, and the implications of that were too terrifying to address at the moment. Will didn’t think he could take it if Hannibal was manipulating him.

Hannibal had never tried to feed on him as far as he remembered, but now faced with this reality, Will didn’t stop himself from opening his eyes and asking point blank.

“Before you knew… what I was… did you ever plan on feeding on me?” The words were like heavy weights on his tongue, but the weight of Hannibal’s gaze on him was even heavier. His eyes moved to stare at Hannibal’s tie instead, drifting to his neck a second later.

All the time they spent together and Will had never noticed the lack of pulse there. There were a lot of things that Will hadn’t actively noticed about Hannibal before that were now apparent to him: the remarkable evenness of his skin that made him look like a marble statue, the hint of maroon in his eyes when light shone through them, the unnaturally smooth way he walked, never faltering or missing a step.

Hannibal thought carefully before answering, biding his time by standing up slowly and approaching Will. Will tensed but didn't move away when Hannibal took his hand, looking down at it before tracing the vein and delicate bones on the back with the fingertip of his other hand.

"I never imagined feeding on you, no," a truth, "but I had planned on making you like me one day, if the time ever felt right," a half truth. "I can't do that now, but I don't really need to, do I?"

Will answered his rhetorical question with a jerky shrug, making Hannibal chuckle.

"In any case, I don't think your werewolf blood and my vampire venom would mix very well. It's never been done before, and while I enjoy challenges, I'm not eager to end your life." That was a twisted truth. Hannibal did enjoy challenges and he wasn't actively trying to kill Will, but if he happened to die one day because Hannibal pushed things too far, well. That would be an unfortunate loss in the name of science, and Hannibal wasn't too proud to admit that he would miss him a great deal.

"Why would you want to make me a… make me like you?" Will was having trouble saying the word 'vampire', but only because now it was being used in reference to Hannibal. He wasn't blind. He had always thought Hannibal was a little off, but he never would have guessed the man was a vampire. He didn't even see it coming until it ran him over and left him bloody and lying in the road.

When Will had finally figured out the reason his lover smelled like smoke and copper, it had taken a full 10 minutes for Hannibal to coax him out of his non-verbal state, and another 5 minutes for Will to finally get his initial question out.

"I think the answer to that question is obvious," Hannibal said in a soft voice, the one he used when he really wanted Will's full attention. Will looked up and met his eyes for a short moment before looking away again.

"Tell me anyway," he said, unable to keep the note of hopefulness out of his voice. He didn't need to look at his lover to know he was still smiling.

"Because, Will, I want you with me always. I couldn't bear the thought of losing you. You're in constant danger and humans are fragile things."

Will looked up again and saw the gentle smile, and relaxed just a fraction.

Hannibal relaxed as well. Will took less time to make and maintain eye contact nowadays, and Hannibal was keeping track of what worked best to make that happen. Words of devotion and promises to stay by his side typically did the trick. The words weren't complete lies of course. Hannibal wanted Will around for as long as possible, and he cared for him deeply, but the predatory fascination he felt with the other man kept his romantic feelings from growing to the same level as Will's feelings.

He didn't love Will as much as he knew Will loved him, although he did love him. It was something he never shared with Will, because he knew it would drive him away. Will's trust

was hard earned and not to be squandered.

“My mind is certainly more at ease now that you find yourself with a little more protection than before,” Hannibal chuckled, making Will crack a small smile as well. “Werewolves are sturdy and dare I say, a tad stronger than vampires. Not to say I don't still worry about you sometimes.”

“Of course you do,” Will said not unkindly.

“Of course,” Hannibal echoed. “What kind of lover would I be if I didn't?”

Will hummed and looked down at the hand that Hannibal was still holding. After a moment’s hesitation, Will gently pulled on Hannibal’s hand until he got the hint.

Moving slow, Hannibal let Will get his arms around his torso before he reached up and guided Will’s head onto his shoulder, feeling some of the tension go out of Will’s body. The arms around him tightened and he curled his fingers into the messy hair of his younger partner, closing his eyes. He couldn’t feel the heat of Will’s body so much as he could smell it, heavy and sweet, but he liked to imagine it. These moments in which Will let Hannibal hold him were special.

Much like Will’s continued attempts to look him in the eye more often, the young werewolf was slowly getting used to the intimacy, and perhaps even enjoying it, given his reactions when Hannibal touched him.

They had been together for quite some time but they had yet to actually have sex, a fact that didn’t bother either of them. They weren’t eager to get into a situation that could potentially cause Will to shut down, and besides, they were both comfortable with their current level of intimacy, and more than okay with taking it as slow as possible. They had all the time in the world as far as they knew.

Hannibal carded a gentle hand through Will’s hair again, feeling the content sigh it prompted against his shoulder.

“Would you allow me to kiss you, Will?” He asked, pleasantly surprised when Will leaned back and was smiling at him.

“Yeah… I’d like that.”

Hannibal cupped Will’s face and gave him a chaste kiss, lingering for a moment before pulling away. Will had his eyes closed and he inhaled shakily before leaning forward again, pressing his lips to Hannibal’s once more. This kiss was less chaste, with Will leaning against Hannibal with his full weight and parting his lips slightly. Cautious as ever, Hannibal tilted his head and deepened the kiss, taking encouragement from the fact that Will didn’t immediately pull away or tense up.

After a few long, glorious moments more of heavy kissing, the overstimulation finally caught up, and Will had to stop. He pulled away with a slow inhale, his hands shaking as they gripped Hannibal’s suit jacket. He was overwhelmed, but he wasn’t upset and he wasn’t quite

ready to stop touching Hannibal completely. He was quite proud of himself. Any progress was good progress.

“We can make this work,” he said softly, touching his forehead to Hannibal’s and closing his eyes. His lover’s icy skin soothed the volcanic heat that was always crawling around under his own skin, and he sighed.

“We will make this work,” he said even softer than before. Hannibal nodded minutely, reaching up to trace the line of his jaw with his hand.

“I believe we can,” was the quiet answer.

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